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Africa and Colonization.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE MASSACHUSETTS COLONIZATION SOCIETY, BOSTON
MAY 27TH, 1857.—BY PROFESSOR WM. G. T. SHEPP, ANDOVER.

ON the 22d of March, 1775, Edmund Burke, pleading for the liberties of the American Colonies, in the British House of Commons, had occasion to allude to their marvellous growth, as outrunning everything of the kind in the then past history of England, or the world.—In less than seventy years, he said, the trade with America had increased twelve-fold. It had grown from a half-million of pounds per annum to six millions—a sum nearly equal to the whole export trade of England at the commencement of the eighteenth century. This rapid growth, he continued, might all be spanned by the life of a single man, “whose memory might touch the two extremities.” Lord Bathurst was old enough, in 1704, to understand the figures and the facts, as they then stood. The same Lord Bathurst, in 1775, was a member of that parliament, before whom the great orator was reciting the new facts that were stranger than fiction, in order to waken England to a consciousness that the colonies beyond the sea were bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh, and must be treated accordingly. Warming from the gravity of his theme, and rising

in soul as the vision slowly evolved before him, he represents the guardian angel of the youthful Bathurst as drawing aside the curtain of the future and unfolding the rising glories of his country; and particularly as pointing him, while absorbed in the commercial grandeur of England, to “a little speck scarce visible in the mass of the national interest, a small seminal principle, rather than a formed body,” and as saying to him: “Young man, there is *America*; which, at this day, serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage men and uncouth manners; yet shall, before you taste of death, show itself equal to the whole of that commerce which now attracts the envy of the world.”¹

We have alluded to this well-known but ever fresh and fine prosopœia of the great Englishman, because it spontaneously comes into memory when one commences to read, to think, or to speak upon Africa. That tropical continent lies nearly as dim and vague before the mind of this generation, as the cold and cheerless America did before the mind of England when Johnson and Burke were boys. With the

¹ Speech on Conciliation with America.

exception of a small strip of the Atlantic coast, the wilds of this Western world were as unknown to the Englishman of 1700, as the jungles of Soudan or the highlands of Central Africa are to us. And yet it may be that there are youth of this generation who will live to see those dim beginnings of christianity, of civilization, and of empire, which are now scarcely visible on the African Atlantic coast, expanding and still expanding into vigorous and vital churches, into strong and mighty States. The guardian genius, in this instance too, might with perhaps as much probability of verification, say to the youth whom he leads by the hand: "Young man, there is *Africa*; which, at this day, serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage men and uncouth manners; yet it shall, before you taste of death, take its place among the continents, and be no longer an unknown world."

For nothing is more wonderful than the changes and transformations of history. But involved, as every present generation is, in the great stream, and whirled along by it; it is not strange that no generation of men are ever fully aware of the strength and rapidity of their own movement. He who belongs to another generation, and looks back, can see that in such a century, and in such a quarter of the globe, a mighty current was running. The spectator always sees more than the actor. The rare prophetic mind, also, that beholds the future in the instant, may foresee and predict a history too great and grand for contemporaneous belief. The philosophic statesman is aware of what is going on in the struggling masses around him, and auspicates accordingly. But the common man, of the busy present time, never knows the rate he is

moving; because he is, himself, absorbed and carried headlong in the movement. It is not strange, therefore, that all hopeful, glowing vaticination, in respect to changes upon this sin-smitten planet, is regarded with distrust. Such anticipations are supposed to belong to the poet and the orator. They have no support in the data and calculations of the statician or the statesman.

Called upon then, as we are at this time, to consider the present and prospective condition of the most wretched and unpromising quarter of the globe, by the voice of that Colonizing Society which has already done more than any other single association for the welfare of Africa, and which is destined, we believe, under that benign Providence which has protected and blessed it thus far, to see its own great ideas and plans realized; called upon to speak and to think for a hundred millions of our fellow-creatures, by a small corporate body, not yet a half-century old, and annually disbursing only a few thousands of dollars, we desire to assign some reasons for believing that a career similar to that of the British colonies in America, and similar to that of all the great colonizing movements of the past, awaits the Republic of Liberia.

What, then, are the grounds for expecting that the plans and purposes of the American Colonization Society will be ultimately realized in the christianization of the African continent?

1. The first reason for this expectation is of a general nature.—Africa has no past history. It is the continent of the future: for it is the only one now left to feel, for the *first* time, the recuperating influences of a christian civilization. Religion, law, and letters began their march in Asia, and a large

part of that continent once felt their influence. From thence they passed into Europe; and Europe is still the strong-hold of religion, law, and letters. Westward they then took their way; and the vast spaces of the American continent are still waiting for the Christianity and Republicanism that have so rapidly and firmly taken possession of that comparatively small belt called the United States. It is true that these influences were, for a time, felt along the northern border of Africa. Egypt and Carthage were once civilized; and a very vigorous christianity, for three centuries, erected its altar, and kept its fires bright, along the southern shore of the Mediterranean. But Egypt, though African in nature and blood, derived its ideas from Asiatic sources; and its place in history is Asiatic rather than African. That ancient and wonderful pantheistic civilization which built Thebes and the pyramids, was but the corrupted remains of a yet more ancient Asiatic monotheism; as South tells us that "an Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of paradise." Carthage was Phœnician; and when both Egypt and Carthage were absorbed into Rome, North-Africa belonged much more to the European than to the properly African quarter of the globe. The great continent, then, notwithstanding all these attempts at approach for thousands of years, lies lone and solitary. It is out of all historical connections; so much so, that the generalizing Hegel, after a very brief characterization of it, in his *Philosophy of History*, dismisses it with the remark: "We now leave Africa, and shall make no further mention of it. That which we understand by Africa proper, is totally destitute of a

history; is totally unopened and undeveloped; and can, therefore, be merely hinted at, on the threshold of Universal History."¹

Now there is something in this fact, that inspires expectation. It may be vague, but it is large and full. The mode and manner may be left to conjecture or imagination; but the fact that one whole quarter of the globe has *never* yet been visited by the great influences of religion, law, and letters, taken in connection with the fact that these influences are a part of the plan and destination of God in reference to the *whole* world and the *whole* human family, lead to the confident faith that this will not always be so. Nature, it was said, abhors a vacuum. Empty spaces will be filled and peopled. History treads no step backward. Her voice cries: "Ever onward!"—as the guiding Genius, according to Schiller, continually sounded in the ear of Columbus on the gray waste of waters: "Ever westward! Ever to the West!" Who expects that population, law, and manners, will ever flow eastward again, from the Alleghanies or the Rocky Mountains? Who expects that the great changes and alterations of the future are to take place on the old theatres of Assyria, Macedonia, Greece, and Rome; or on the more recent, yet already antiquated arenas of Modern Europe? The winds rush where there is vacancy. The great historic currents of the next half-millennium, must disembogue where they find room.

The fact, then, that there is no pre-occupancy, and no effete civilization, in the African world, is a ground of expectancy and of courage in regard to it. It is a negative preparation for great results when the time arrives.

¹ Hegel's *Werke*, IX., 123.

2. A second ground of confident hope in reference to the future of Africa, is found in the qualities of the African nature.

The characteristics of the African man are still almost as unknown as those of the African soil or the African flora. There are two reasons for this. In the first place, the African has never been in a situation where the depth and reserve of his nature has been drawn upon. Only the superficies of his being has been called into exercise; so that his real and true manhood lies as hidden as the sources of the Nile.— In the second place, and as a consequence of this, only his surface-traits and characteristics have appeared in his portraiture. These, moreover, having been exorbitantly unfolded, because there has been none of the balance and moderation of a deeper education and culture, have been as extravagantly depicted. The black man in literature is, therefore, either a weakling or a caricature. The comic side of him, alone, comes into view. The single sonnet of Wordsworth upon the chieftain Toussaint, and the "sparkles dire of fierce, vindictive song," from the American Whittier, are almost the only literary allusions to the sublime and tragic elements in the negro's nature and condition; certainly the only allusions that, without any abatement, and introduction of ludicrous traits, ally him *solely* with human

" . . . exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind."

The African nature is the *tropical* nature. All the races that have hitherto struggled upon the arena of history have belonged to the temperate zone. The Egyptian, the Assyrian, the Babylonian, the Persian, the Greek, the Macedonian, the Roman, the Goth, the Frank,

the Englishman, the Anglo-American—all lived north of Cancer.— And the fact that thus far the inter-tropical portion of the globe has furnished few or none of the elements of human history, is very often cited to prove that it can furnish none. It has almost come to be an axiom that the hot zone cannot ripen man. Brazil may crystallize diamonds of the purest water, and Africa may distil the most elaborate juices and gums; but high intelligence and free will must grow up beneath northern skies.

Now, it is undoubtedly true that the *fallen* human being needs stimulation, and that *sinful* man has done best when he has been crowded from the outside. Easy and pleasant circumstances have always proved too much for his feeble virtue.— Hence, though he was created in Paradise, and lapped in elysium so long as he could bear it, yet, the very moment he unfitted himself for such perpetual peace and joy, he was driven out among the thorns and thistles, and compelled to eat his bread in the sweat of his brow. In consequence of human apostasy, then, and for no other reason, the general movement of human history has been in climes and under skies that have tasked man, and have fretted him to action. While, therefore, it is conceded that the colder zones and the harder soils have been favorable, like the primitive curse of labor itself, to the best unfolding of an *imperfect* and a *corrupt* humanity, it still remains true that man was originally made for an outward world of genial warmth, of luxuriant growth, and of beauty.— The primitive man was nude; his light labor was merely to prune away luxuriance; and his spiritual mind, sanctified by direct intercourse with angel, seraph, and the Eternal Mind, could both endure

and profit by the otherwise enervating bliss and beauty of Eden.

This original intent and adaptation of the Creator, warrants the belief, that as there are some circumstances and influences under a temperate sky that are favorable to human development, so there are some, also, beneath a torrid one.—Wherever man can go and live, there he can grow and thrive.—Wisdom rejoiceth in all the *habitable* parts of the earth; and her delights are with all the sons of men.

What, then, are the fundamental peculiarities of the African, or of *man within the tropics*, that afford ground for faith and confidence that human nature will here also, in due season, exhibit a culture and character unique and fine?

Before proceeding to give only the very brief answer which the time allows to this question, it is necessary to direct attention to the comprehensiveness of the word "African." We mean by it, and it properly denotes, a physical and mental structure that belongs to the African continent as a whole, in the same sense that the "Asiatic" belongs to Asia, and the "European" belongs to Europe. The term, therefore, includes a variety of races; all, however, characterized by certain common traits. From the mouths of the Nile to the Cape of Good Hope, the observing traveler will find a primary type of mankind different from the Shemitic, and different from the Japhetic: a style of man which is original and sui-generis; and the minor varieties of which can easily be accounted for by the physical changes that are made by varieties in the modes of living, and particularly in the degrees of proximity to the burning equatorial line.

It is the misfortune of Africa that only the most degraded portion of

its population have been its representatives before the world. The enslaved and thereby imbruted negro is the only specimen from which the civilized world obtains its ideas, and draws its conclusions, as to the dignity and capabilities of the tropical man. But the coast negro, as we shall soon have occasion to see, is, in his best estate, merely the *extreme* of the African type; and even he has not yet been seen in his best estate. What would be thought of a generalization in respect to the native traits and capacities of the whole Celtic stock,—of the entire blood of polished France, and eloquent Ireland, and the gallant Scotch Highlands,—that should be deduced from the brutish descendants of those Irish who were driven out of Ulster and South Down in the time of Cromwell; men now of the most repulsive characteristics, "with open projecting mouths, prominent and exposed gums, advancing cheek-bones, depressed noses; height, five feet two inches, on an average; bow-legged, abortively featured; their clothing, a wisp of rags; spectres of a people that were once well-grown, able-bodied, and comely." But such a judgment would be of equal value with that narrow estimate of the natural traits and characteristics of the inhabitants of one entire quarter of the globe, which rests upon an acquaintance with a small portion of them, a mere infinitesimal of them, carried into a foreign land and reduced to slavery.

The African seems to differ from the European and the Asiatic by a fuller, more profuse, and more sensuous organization. He is emphatically the child of the Earth and the Sun. His tissues are not compact, tough, and fibrous, like those of the more northern races. On the contrary, they are tumid, and

betoken a luxurious soul. The organs of the senses—the eyes, nose, mouth, and ears—are called “rich,” in the phrase of the physiognomist; and, in the extreme types, are animal and coarse. Man is like the earth he lives upon; and the African man corresponds to that tropical soil and climate, in which every seed swells and sprouts with the rank luxuriance of a jungle. The great generical feature in the African, then, is *richness and fullness in the physical organization*; and, in proof that it is so, we shall cite the testimony of travelers and physiologists.

The French Denon tells us that “instead of the sharp features, the keen, animated, and restless visages, the lean and active figures of the Arabian,” he finds “in the land of the Pharaohs, full but delicate and voluptuous forms; countenances sedate and placid; round and soft features; with eyes long, almond-shaped, half-shut and languishing, and turned up at the outer angles, as if habitually fatigued by the light and heat of the sun; thick lips, full and prominent; mouths large, but cheerful and smiling; complexions dark, ruddy, and coppery; and the whole aspect displaying, as one of the most graphic delineators among modern travelers has observed, the *genuine African character*, of which the negro is the exaggerated and extreme representation.”¹ Blumenbach’s examinations of the Egyptian mummies led him to the belief that there are three varieties in the physiognomy expressed in Egyptian paintings and sculptures. But one of these was the Ethiopian, which, he says, “coincides with the descriptions given of the Egyptians by the ancients, and is chiefly

distinguished by prominent jaws, turgid lips, a broad flat nose, and protruding eye-balls.”² “Among the modern Copts,” says Prichard, “many travelers have remarked a certain approximation to the negro. Volney says that they have a yellowish, dusky complexion, resembling neither the Grecian nor Arabian; and adds that they have a puffed visage, swollen eyes, flat nose, and thick lips, and bear much resemblance to mulattoes.”³ Ledyard, whose testimony Prichard remarks is of the more value as he had no theory to support, says: “I suspect the Copts to have been the origin of the negro race: the nose and lips correspond with those of the negro. The hair, wherever I can see it among the people here (the Copts,) is curled, not like that of the negroes, but like that of the mulattoes.”⁴

But if the Egyptians and Copts exhibit the full, sensuous and luxurious organization of the African, and properly belong to the African race, it certainly will not be difficult to establish the same claim for all the remaining dwellers on the continent. These were nearest to Asia and Europe, and felt most of foreign influences; and yet the type could not be changed: the round cheek, the full, protuberant eye, the dark hue, could not be converted into their contraries.

Passing southward, into the burning heart of Africa, we find the tropical man in yet greater intensity and power. The races of Soudan display the fervid type of humanity fully formed, and in the highest degree. There are varieties in this great central region; the lowest being found on the Guinea coast, and the higher ones meeting the

¹ Prichard's *Natural History of Man*, pp. 151, 152.

² *Ibid.* p. 156.

³ *Ibid.* p. 158.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 159.

traveler as he rises those great terraces by which the continent lifts itself up from the sea. The negroes of the Gold Coast, though dwelling amidst miasm and fever, and feeling only the very worst influences of European intercourse, are nevertheless characterized by Barbot as "generally well-limbed and well-proportioned; having good oval faces, sparkling eyes, eye-brows lofty and thick; mouths not too large; clean, white, and well-arranged teeth; fresh red lips, not so thick and pendent as those of Angola, nor their noses so broad."¹ "Among the Ashantee tribe of this same Guinea race," says Bowditch, "are to be seen, especially among the higher orders, not only the finest figures, but, in many instances, regular Grecian features, with brilliant eyes, set rather obliquely in the head."²

Of the Senegambian nations, the Mandingoes are remarkable for their industry; and, of all the inter-tropical races have shown the greatest energy of character. Their features are regular, their character generous and open, and their manners gentle. Their hair is of the kind termed completely woolly.—The Fulahs, another Senegambian people, forge iron and silver, and work skilfully in leather and wood, and fabricate cloth. An intelligent French traveler describes them as fine men, robust and courageous, understanding commerce, and traveling as far as to the Gulf of Guinea. The color of their skin is a kind of reddish-black, their countenances are regular, and their hair longer and not so woolly as those of the common negroes.³

These statements may be over-drawn in some particulars, and further exploration is undoubtedly re-

quired in order to form a sure and completely satisfactory judgment respecting the tribes of Soudan. But, certainly, all the information thus far obtained, goes to evince that this negro-land is filled up with no puny populations, but with barbaric races of a powerful structure,—the bone and muscle out of which a christian civilization shall hereafter form a powerful style of man.

Finally, threading our way downward, from the terraces to the southern-ward slope of the African continent, we find the Hottentot and Kafir, the most degraded of the African races, yet owing the excess of their degradation, by which they fall below the other African races, to the contact and influence of a corrupt European civilization. Unless a genuine christian influence shall eventually be thrown in upon them by missions, by education, and by commerce, it was, indeed, as one remarks, an ill-omened hour when a christian navigator descried the Cape of Storms. The Hottentot, by war and vices, has to a great extent degenerated into the Bushman; but the Kafir still retains his aboriginal traits.—Prof. Lichtenstein describes them as follows: "They are tall, strong, and their limbs well proportioned; their color is brown; their hair, black and woolly; they have the high forehead and prominent nose of the Europeans, the thick lips of the negroes, and the high cheek bones of the Hottentots."⁴

This rapid survey of the inhabitants of the continent, from north to south, justifies us, then, in attributing a *common continental character* to them all,—and a continental character that is neither feeble nor emasculated; but, on the contrary, one that is muscular, arterial,

¹ Prichard, p. 306.² Ibid. p. 307.³ Ibid. p. 297.⁴ Ibid. p. 317.

and prodigal. There is a generic type of the African nature, constituted by the assemblage of certain physical and mental characteristics, which may be found all over the African continent, whereby this portion of the globe becomes as distinct and peculiar as Asia, or Europe, or America. And it is from this inter-tropical humanity that we are to deduce a ground of belief and confidence that Ethiopia will yet stretch out her hands to God, and that Africa is finally to acquire a place in the universal history of man on the globe.

The chief characteristic of the African nature is the union, in it, of reciprocity with passion. The African is docile. He has nothing of the hard and self-asserting nature of the Goth. He is indisposed (like the dweller of the cold and stimulating zones) to stamp his own individuality upon others. On the contrary, his plastic, ductile, docile nature receives influence from every side, gladly and genially. It is not probable that great empires will be built upon the African continent, that will extend their sway over other parts of the globe,—as the Persian sought to obtain rule in Europe, but was thwarted by Greece; or as the Roman extended his dominion over both Asia and Africa. The lust of empire will probably never run in African blood; for, foreign conquest requires a stern, self-reliant, indocile, ambitious nature, which would force itself upon other races and regions; and of this, the tropical man has little or nothing. It is rather to be expected that the African will confine himself to his own home, within the tropics, and will there take up, into his own rich and receptive nature, the great variety of elements and influences that will be furnished by other races and portions of the globe.

Under such circumstances, a unique and remarkable development of human nature must occur. A new form of national life will take rise. For this plastic character, this deep and absorbing receptivity, will be an alluvium, in which all seeds that are planted will strike a long root, and shoot up a luxuriant growth. National history, thus far, exhibits *stimulant* natures, and *stimulant* characteristics. The types of nationality that figure in the past, have generally been moulded from this sort of material,—a species which has reached its height in the Anglo-Saxon. This quality is, indeed, a strong, intense, and grand one; and we are the last to disparage its worth. The triumphs of modern christianity, and modern civilization, are intimately connected with its powerful and persistent action in individuals and nations. But this tense and stimulant nature, characteristic of man in the northern zone, has its deficiencies, also, like everything human. In isolation, and after long strain, it becomes wiry, hard, brittle, broken. It would not be well that it should be the sole type of humanity; or that no other elements than it can furnish, should enter into the texture and fabric of national or individual life, from generation to generation. The Saxon himself, in order to his own preservation even, as well as his own best development, needs some infusion of equatorial elements. It would be well if his already over-wrought stimulantcy could be somewhat tranquilized and enriched by the languor and sluggishness of the tropics.—It would be well if the hollow features of the Anglo-American could assume somewhat of the rounded fulness of the Sphinx's or the Memnon's face, if his eager and too shallow eye, could be made bulbous and deep, like that of Soudan.

This, then, is the groundwork of the coming nationalities in Africa. It is a mild, docile, musing, and recipient nature, which is to drink in all the influences that shall pour forth from the old, and perhaps then declining civilizations of the other zones. It is the artist's nature, open at every pore, sensitive in every globule and cell of tissue, pulsing with a warm and somewhat slumbrous life,—a deep base for a high structure.

But this lethargic quality in the tropical man is allied with an opposite one. He is also a creature of passion. In the phrase of Mark Antony, there is a "fire that quickens Nilus' slime." Like his own climate, the inhabitant of the tropics combines great antagonisms in his constitution. This slumber of his nature is readily stirred into wildest rage,—as the heavy and curtained air of the equator, which has hung dense and still for days and weeks, is suddenly dispersed by electric currents, and, in an instant, is one wide, livid blaze of lightning. This quality, like all counterbalancing ones, is not strictly *contrary* to the one that has just been described. Were it so, the one would neutralize and kill the other. There would be no interpenetration of the two, if nothing but the relation of sheer and mere contrariety, like that between fire and water, obtained between these two qualities in the African nature. It is antithesis, not contrariety. For this very passion itself originates in, and springs right out of, the lethargy. The nature has been slumbrous and dormant, only that it may, at the proper time, be fiery and active. The one balances, not neutralizes, the other. Were there an unintermittent draught and strain upon the entire man, there could never be this tropical vehemence. But the slumber is recuper-

ative of the constitutional force; and, in and by the oscillations of passion and lethargy, the wondrous life goes on.

That the African is a passionate being, is attested by all history. No one can look at the features of the Memnon, without perceiving that beneath that placid contour there sleeps a world of passion. Shakspeare has given Cleopatra to us in her own proud words:

"I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life."

The influences of Christianity do not destroy, but refine and sanctify this quality. The North-African church of the first centuries was full of divine fire. It flashes in the laboring but powerful rhetoric of Tertullian. It glows like anthracite in the thoughts of Augustine, whose symbol in the church is a flaming heart; and over whose mighty and passionate sensualism the serene, spiritualizing, and Divine power of Christianity ultimately, and only after an elemental war within, like that of chaos, wrought an ethereal and faintly transformation that has not yet been paralleled in the history of the church.

But we need not go into the distant past, or into the distant African continent, for evidence upon this point. We cannot look into the eye of the degraded black man who meets us in our daily walks, without perceiving that he belongs to the torrid zone. The eye, more than any other feature, is the index of the soul, and of the soul's life. That full, liquid, opaline orb, that looks out upon us from face and features that are stolid, or perhaps repulsive, testifies to the union of passion and lethargy in this fellow-creature. That large and throbbing ball, that sad and burning glance, though in a degraded and down-trodden man, betoken that he belongs to a pas-

sionate, a lyrical, and an eloquent race.

This tropical eye, when found in conjunction with Caucasian features, is indicative of a very remarkable organization. It shows that tremulous sensibilities are reposing upon a base of logic. No one could fix his gaze, for a moment, upon that great Northern statesman who has so recently gone down to his grave, without perceiving that this rare combination was the physical substrate of what he was, and what he did. That deep-black iris, cinctured in a pearl-white sclerotic, and, more than all, that fervid *torrid* glance and gleam, were the exponents and expression of a tropical nature; while the thorough-bred Saxonism of all the rest of the physical structure indicated the calm and massive strength that underlay and supported all the passion and all the fire. It was the union of two great human types in a single personality. It was the whole torrid zone enclosed and upheld in the temperate.

It will be apparent from this analysis, if it be a correct one, that the African nature possesses a latent capacity fully equal, originally, to that of the Asiatic or the European. Shem and Japhet sprang from the very same loins with Ham. God made of one blood those three great races by which he repopulated the globe after the deluge. This blending of two such striking antitheses as energy and lethargy, the soul and the sense; this inlaying of a fine and fiery organization into drowsy flesh and blood; this supporting of a keen and irritable nerve by a tumid and strong muscular cord,—what finer combination than this is there among the varied types of mankind? The objection urged against the possibility of a historical progress in Africa, similar to that in the other continents, upon the

ground that the original germ and basis was an inferior one,—an objection that shows itself, if not theoretically, yet practically, in the form of inaction, and an absence of enthusiasm and enterprising feeling when the claims of Africa are spoken of,—this objection is invalid. The philosophic and the philanthropic mind must, both alike, rise above the prejudices of an age, and look beyond a present and transient degradation, that has been the result of centuries of ignorance and slavery. If this be done, the philosopher sees no reason for refusing to apply the same law of progress and development (provided the external circumstances be favorable, and the necessary conditions exist) to the tropical man, that he does to the man of the temperate or the arctic zones; and no reason for doubting that, in the course of time, and under the genial influences of the Christian religion,—the mother of us all,—human nature will exhibit all its high traits and qualities in the black races, as well as in the white. And certainly the philanthropist, after a wide survey of history; after tracing back the modern Englishman to the naked Pict and bloody Saxon; after comparing the filthy savage of Wapping and St. Giles with the very same being and the very same blood in the drawing-rooms of Belgrave Square—has every reason for keeping up his courage and going forward with his work. There have been much stranger transformations in history than the rise of African republics, and African civilizations, and African literatures will be.

But how is the way to be prepared for this? From what point or points, and through what instrumentalities, is the alteration to commence? It is this second branch of the subject, which we now proceed to briefly examine.

1. It is natural to expect that the movements of God's providence, in the future will be very much like those of the past; and that civilization and culture will, hereafter, pass into the unenlightened parts of the globe in very much the same way they have heretofore. But history shows that this has uniformly taken place by the exodus of colonies. Religion, law, and letters are not indigenous, but exotic, in all the past career of man on the globe. One race hands the torch of science to another. One quarter of the globe is both the parent and teacher of another. There are autochthones nowhere. There are no strictly self-taught men anywhere. And in the last examination, and at the primary origin and source, we are compelled to rise above earth and man altogether, and find the first beginnings of knowledge and religion in the skies. From first to last, there is an *imparting* act from the higher to the lower. The more intelligent makes revelations to the less intelligent. The genealogy cannot stop short of the Creator himself. Canaan was the son of Enos, "which was the son of Seth, which was the son of Adam, which was the son of God."

These changes and movements in human civilization are particularly visible at those points where civilization passes from one continent to another continent. The *knots* in the grape-vine reveal where the life gathers and concentrates in order to a new expansion. Europe received letters and civilization from Asia. The little district of Greece was the radiating point; for Rome received them from Greece, and gave them to all her empire. But the original sources of Greek culture were colonists, few and feeble,

from Egypt, Phœnicia, and Asia Minor. The Egyptian Cærops and Danaus brought over the seeds of civility to Attica and Argos, fifteen centuries before our era. The Phœnician Cadmus carried over an Asiatic alphabet soon after. And the Lydian Pelops soon followed with his wealth and knowledge of the mechanic arts.¹ But the consequences of this immigration from another continent were not felt, to any great extent, upon Europe at large, until a thousand years had rolled by. The Greek, with all his treasures of wisdom and of beauty, was shut up from the "barbarian" world, until the Roman broke down the barrier, and Grecian culture then had free course. And if we should allow a millennium for a colony upon the African coast to diffuse law, manners, letters, and religion, over the African continent, it would be as rapid a movement as that to which Ancient Rome and the whole Modern World owe their secular civilization.

The radiating points for the Western Continent were the Spanish, and more especially the British, colonies. The movement here has been much more rapid than anything in the history of the Old World. And yet, after more than two centuries, not one quarter of this Western hemisphere is fully under the influence of Christian civilization.

The history of the past, then, indicates that Africa must receive religion, law, and letters in the same way that the other continents have received them. They must be *given* to her. The *colonist* must carry the seed of civilization and of empire into the tropical world. Christendom owes colonies to the only portion of the globe that has never yet been a part of Christendom. Europe and

¹ Heeren's Ancient Greece, Chapter III.

America ought to adopt the utterance of the great Apostle to Europe,—an utterance to which both of them, under God, owe their religion and their culture, more than to any other single human cause—and say: “We are debtors, as much as in us lies, to Africa.” Each of them ought to prove its sincerity, by entering with energy upon a great colonizing movement, and planting Christian colonies all along the coast.

2. In the second place, it is the colonist of *African blood*, upon whom the chief reliance must be placed, so long as the colonizing period continues. For the tropical climate necessitates the sluggish blood of the tropical man. It is certain death to expose the nervous, high-strung, and never-relaxed nature of the Caucasian, to the fervors of the burning zone, and the damps of an equatorial night-fall. The dweller in this portion of the globe must be able to rise and fall, like a barometer, with the climate: to act and toil vehemently for a time, and then to pass into a recuperative inaction. All the colonists of history have gone from temperate to temperate regions. The true colonist for the tropics, then, is the man of the tropics. It may be that the white man can live upon the high grounds of the interior, when the heart of Africa shall have been opened to commerce, and made yet more salubrious by agriculture and civilization; but, for a long time to come, the black man must lay the foundations of empire and civilization, and build up the superstructure.

3. And thirdly, without intending to disparage, in the least, the other agencies that have been and will be employed, all present indications go to show that it is the *Liberian colonist* who must take the lead in this great movement. For the Liberian is the tropical man more or less

penetrated by the cold and calm ideas of the North. He carries with him some American discipline and education. He has not lost his ancestral traits; for, while in bondage, he has still lived upon the borders of that great zone from which his forefathers were stolen. He cannot only endure, but he loves, a hot and languid clime. And yet he has felt the stimulation of that active race among whom he has lived. The wrath of man has praised God. The American negro has been made aggressive and enterprising by his enslavement. He has been fitted to be a colonist, and to impress himself upon the passive and plastic millions of Africa, by a process that involves awful guilt in the human authors of it. The Liberian colonist has, thus far, obtained a firmer foothold than any other, upon the African continent. He has established a republic whose independence is acknowledged by the leading powers of the world; and whose nationality has now entered into the history of nations. There is a definite point of departure, and a living germ of expansion in Liberia.

Furthermore, this Liberian republic is a really *Christian State*. There is not now, probably, an organized commonwealth on the globe, in which the principles of Christianity are applied with such a child-like directness and simplicity, to the management of public affairs, as in Liberia. New England, in the days of her childhood, and before the conflicting interests of ecclesiastical denominations introduced jealousies,—Geneva, in the time of John Calvin, when the church and the state were practically one and the same body, now acting through the consistory, and now through the council,—in fine, all religious commonwealths in their infancy, and before increasing wealth and luxury

have stupefied conscience and dimmed the moral perception, furnish examples of the existing state of things in the African republic. Even the common school education, which the Liberian constitution provides for the whole population, has been given by the missionary, and in connection with the most direct religious instructions and influences. The state papers of the Liberian Executive and Legislature breathe a grave and serious spirit, like that which inspires the documents of our own colonial and revolutionary periods.

It is not necessary, in the heart of New England, and before such an audience as this, to enlarge upon the significance of the fact that the most influential radiating point for civilization throughout Africa, is a *religious republic*. No reflecting man can ponder the fact, and think of all it involves, without ejaculating, from the depths of his soul, "God save the Commonwealth."

Such, then, is the general nature of the argument for African colonies, and for the American Colonization Society. The race itself, which it proposes to elevate and Christianize, is one of the three great races in and through which God intended, after the total destruction of all antecedent ones by the flood, to repopulate the globe and subdue it. The tropical man and the tropical mind is destined, sooner or later, to enter into human history, and to have a history. It is in this faith that the Society, whose anniversary we are now celebrating, toils and prays. It has been its misfortune that its vision has been clearer than that of others, and that it has, consequently, cherished plans that have appeared impracticable. But this is always the misfortune of faith within the sacred sphere, and of genius within the secular. Each of them may say to the torpid soul:

"I hear a voice thou canst not hear;
I see a hand thou canst not see."

Through good report, and through evil report, this Society has pursued its straight-onward course, and now begins to see what it foresaw. It sees four hundred miles of the African coast secured, by fair purchase and peaceable occupation, to the area of freedom. It sees this coast line widened into a surface of fifty miles towards the interior, and destined to stretch rapidly inland and coastwise. It sees the slave trade extinct not only within Liberian jurisdiction, but shrinking away from the remoter borders of it. It sees ten thousand colonists from America, with their descendants, mingling with, and giving tone to, three hundred thousands of native population. It sees a large annual commerce coming into existence, and one that is increasing in rapid ratio. It sees a regular republican government working, firmly and equally, through the forms of law, and administered with singular prudence and energy. It sees a system of education, from the primary to the collegiate, exerting its elevating influence upon the mass of the people, and an incipient literature, in state papers and public addresses. It sees the church of Christ crowning all other institutions, and giving direction to the mind and heart of the rising state.

Looking back, then, over the brief forty years of its existence, and pointing to what God has wrought by it, is not the American Colonization Society justified in boldly appealing to the philanthropist for the means of still greater benefits to the African, and to Africa? For the time has now arrived for enlarged operations. Africa is evidently upon the eve of great events. The explorations of Barth and Vogel, and Anderson, and Moffat, and Livingston; the English Niger expeditions

the curiosity and courage of individual explorers, in search of the head-waters of the Nile; the discovery of fine stalwart races all through the interior; the very rapid growth of African commerce, at points upon both the Eastern and Western coasts; the very mystery, itself, which overhangs this part of the globe, the more stimulating because all the rest of the world lies in comparative sun-light: all these things combined tend to the belief that, comparatively, more will be discovered, and more will be done, in and about Africa, within the coming century, than in and about any other quarter of the globe. The other continents have had their hour of deliverance. The hour for Africa has now, for the first time, come. Her scores of races prove to have capacities for Christianity and self-government. The American emancipationist is ready and

waiting to send out, among them, hundreds and thousands of Americanized colonists. Shall not the philanthropists of this land now make full proof of the colonizing method?—that method which was employed with such vigor by Rome in Romanizing the barbarians whom she conquered,—that method by which Britain, the modern Rome, has made her drum-beat to be heard round the globe? And, especially, shall not the church of Christ secure a foothold and a protection for its missionaries in Africa, by helping to extend the influence of those Christian colonies which have hitherto been their best earthly protection, and in connection with which alone (so the history of past missions in Africa, for four hundred years, plainly shows) can missionary operations be carried on with permanent success?

[Continued from page 236.]

Voyage to Liberia.

BY DR. JAMES HALL.

"GETTING UNDER WAY."

We did hope to have gotten our good ship, the *Mary Caroline Stevens*, *under way* in our last number, but our task, it seems, partook too much of the nature of the subject, delays and interruptions. We closed our last article with some reflections upon the closing services of the emigrants, on the last Sabbath they were ever to enjoy in America. On the evening of that day, indications appeared of a more favorable wind and pleasant weather. The mists and clouds began to clear away—the cold increased, the wind commenced hauling more northerly, even verging upon the west. We could distinguish with the glass, that it was even more favorable in the bay, below the Rip Raps, from the courses

of vessels passing up and down; and we turned in, at night, with promises from the pilot that we should get to sea on the morrow. The morrow came, the 8th of December, clear and intensely cold; thermometer at 23°; wind due north; yet all hands were early astir.

The scene from the deck was interesting, and soon became exciting. Hampton Roads was full of vessels, wind bound like ourselves, of every size and variety, from our full rigged queenly ship to the humble oyster dregger. The appearance, if not the note, of preparation was manifest in all, and from many we heard the joyful chorus of the seamen bowsing up the anchors, and the sharp clink of the windlass palls. Others were loosing, hoisting

and sheeting-home their sails, many of the smaller fry, pilot boats and the like, were already careening to the stiff breeze and shooting towards the narrows.

Our good ship was the last to give indications of movement. The wind would barely allow fore-and-afters to lay their course, and the pilot did not feel exactly safe in trying a new ship among so many vessels where repeated tacks might be necessary. However, on manifestations of impatience by all on board, from the captain down, he concluded to do what has effected so much in all doubtful cases—to try.

Accordingly the windlass was manned, sails loosed, and in a shorter time than could reasonably be expected, although nearly the last of all, the Mary Caroline was fairly under way.

Qualities of the Ship—to us, this moment of getting under way, was, on very many accounts, one of intense interest. We had spent the past eight months in building the ship; in planning, contriving and arranging everything in and about her, save her hull and spars. As she lay at the wharf, everything was to our entire satisfaction, and to the satisfaction and admiration of all, especially of those most interested in the great labor she was destined to perform. But the great questions as to her sailing qualities, her worthiness, safety, and ease as a sea boat, remained yet to be tested. That she would—*must* answer our purpose, we could not doubt, but we had bargained for something extra, for a ship of peculiarly good qualities, and a few hours were now to determine whether she possessed them or not. We, therefore, watched every movement with interest, and a not altogether unpractised eye. First, the windlass—that most

important engine in an African coaster, which always anchors in an open roadstead, exposed to the heavy swells of the vast Atlantic—worked freely and well. Next, the yards swung easily on their trusses; the chain-sheets and all the running rigging played smoothly through the iron and double patent blocks; the sails when stretched home fitted as new sails should, allowing room for extension on use. Then, as the anchor was run up to the cathead and the good ship paid off, the moment of trial came. The pilot had put on as much sail as she would bear in the stiff breeze then blowing; the chances were, that two or three tacks would be necessary to enable her to make the passage between the Rip Raps and Old Point; but she luffed up, and up—the yards were braced sharper and sharper; she lay within, or at five points, making a straight wake and good headway. One great point was established—she would *lay close and hold her own*—a *sine qua non* in an African coaster. But how will her speed compare with that of others? We shall soon see. The pilot's experienced eye soon told him that if the wind kept steady no second tack would be necessary—and he stretched far, far up, leaving all other vessels astern, or rather ahead as our course lay. Finally, the orders came to "tack ship."—Here was another test. Our ship was "flying light," as the term is, and very high out of the water. The pilot feared she might miss stays. But at the word, she luffed right up into the wind's eye, and came round like a top, in less time than it takes to write it.—Another point settled to satisfaction.

Here then we were, astern of the whole fleet, heading well up for Old Point, with the passage two points under our lee bow. Now for it.

We begged the pilot to hang out more canvas: "No, try her first with what she's got on her;" "Keep her off a point, let her go a good full; Steady so." "A small pull on that weather fore-brace—topsail do.—topgallant-sail do.—well! main do. do. do.—well! Lee crojack—topsail—topgallant-sail,—well! Well of all!" We soon found that we had got a *live* vessel under us—rather crank, to be sure—lay well over easily, but then held on, and slipt through the water with very little noise or bustle. Soon we began to overhaul the fleet; first, this clump of a brig; then that Down-East fore-and-after, and so on. Soon we cease to triumph over such competitors, and fix our attention upon a few well known clippers, who have kept anchor-watch with us the past two days, all of which are now passing the narrows ahead of us. These we come up with and pass, one after another, till at last, with a clear sea, and every sail astern of us, we pass Cape Henry at 12 M. bearing south, one mile distant, and from it, in seamen's phrase, we take our "natural departure."

Another, and the main question, was now settled—the ship has proved herself to be a *very fast sailer*. Of her character as a sea-boat, hereafter.

Sea Sickness—It is not our purpose to write a dissertation upon this very agreeable subject, either of its pathology or cure, much less shall we attempt a description or detail of the symptoms or phenomena as they are developed in its progress. Many, whose profession is writing and book-making, and professional writing, too, have experienced this disease in all its luxury and variety, and have described it most graphically, in all the agony and abandon of nausea and vertigo, leaving the indescribable to be im-

agined or experienced as their readers may prefer, or circumstances may decide. For our single self, we have neither the ability or desire properly to dish it up, and no doubt we should have been excused had we omitted the subject altogether, but we could not pass over so important and interesting a part of our "Voyage to Liberia,"—important at the time it certainly *was felt* to be by the sufferers. What we have to say of sea sickness is in a wholesale way—of the mass, as the historians speak of battles—"So many left dead on the field, and so many wounded," sparing the reader the details of individual agony and suffering.

A more lively, cheerful mass of human beings we never saw than were our 215 emigrants on the morning of our leaving Hampton Roads. Although the weather was piercingly cold, most were on deck, or running up and down the different gangways, excited by the novelty of the scene and the operations of the officers and crew; nor were the operations of the cook unheeded. A barrel of corn meal was doughed up and baked into good "Virginny Pone." A half barrel of good fat mackerel was boiled, and dished up with the bread; and some thirty gallons of good hot coffee, sweetened with molasses, were served out as an accompaniment. At 10 o'clock their breakfast was finished. At noon we began to meet the heavy ground-swell, under a ten-knot breeze, dashing merrily through the water. But not *merrily* for the poor emigrants. A greater change never came over any poor creatures in a briefer space of time. Some dropped on deck, some slid below, some groaned, some tried to brave it out with a laugh, "grinning a horribly and ghastly smile." Some did one thing and some another—but all

joined in a general regurgitation, or casting up of accounts. Of the 215, few or none escaped. It might be said, as in descriptions of sea fights, so many were slain, and the decks above and below flooded and slippery with—*gore*! For three days scarce an emigrant was seen on deck, and it was almost impossible to keep the between decks in a tolerable condition. With such a number all down at once, each one fancying himself in *articulo mortis*, little could be done to alleviate or shorten their sufferings. It was only the extreme cases, those lasting several days, that we attempted to treat—and in such, stimulus judiciously administered, with dry and highly seasoned food, soon brought relief. But it was long before any could bear more mackerel or coffee; in fact some refrained from those luxuries the entire voyage. Even the fish barrel was offensive, and many an old man begged the “cappen” “to let dem trow dat ole barl of maclar fish into de sea, whar dey belong,” “dey aint fit for our folks, no how.”

Of the ship's company and crew.—

Although not entirely germane to our subject, yet we cannot forbear a few remarks upon the character of the crew of our ship; the same being applicable to most crews we have had to do with. Our crew proper—that is, men before the mast—numbered twelve, shipped as *able seamen*, at the highest wages, \$18 per month, two months paid in advance. The ship actually required twelve able-bodied men; with less she could not be sailed to advantage, or in fact with safety.

Now what did we get in those twelve men? Not one good, able-bodied seaman, capable of performing the duties of such. The second day out, one, an old Portuguese man, came to me complaining of

illness. I found him laboring under a chronic affection of the lungs, a poor old debilitated broken down man, whom it would be a cruelty to force into duty; of course, he was put under treatment and relieved from all labor, till near the close of the passage out, when he occasionally took the wheel. The third day out, another man presented himself, with a very bad lumbar abscess, from which he had long suffered; it had just opened spontaneously and was discharging very freely;—his life was only saved by assiduous and careful treatment, and he was never placed on duty for an hour. Two others were very soon laid up with a vile complaint common with seamen, had each to undergo the process of salivation, and were necessarily off duty for about three weeks. Another man was affected with dropsy of the lower extremities, from repeated salivation, for the sailor disease; he, however, was never excused from duty, but was almost entirely useless from debility, not being able to go aloft or do any severe duty; besides, he was no sailor. It may be set down, therefore, that of the twelve men shipped on board, at least four were off duty the entire passage out. Thus much for the health or physical ability of the crew. As to their capacity and seamanship, with the exception of the two old invalids, the Portuguese and him of the lumbar abscess, there was not one that could splice a rope, or strap a block; not one that could box the compass or tell the points on its card when before them, or steer a good trick at the wheel. There were but two or three that could rig out a studding-sail or who knew the ropes of the ship; the others having to wait, when an order was given, till they were pointed out by the officers, or the two or three who did know them. One

had never before set foot on board a square rigged vessel, and when ordered to unfurl the sky-sail could not tell in what part of the ship it was, hence he was dubbed "Sky-sail" for the voyage. The moral capacity and condition of this crew was about on a par with that of their physical and professional, as was evinced by their disobedience of orders, and intercourse with the emigrants on board, contrary to the rules and regulations of the ship.

Most of them, also, came on board with scarce a change of raiment of any kind, unfitted alike for leaving our coast in the winter season, or for a voyage of four months in the Tropics. The captain of the ship and myself supplied them with all we could spare, and had the satisfaction, soon after arriving out, to learn that our supplies had been exchanged for rum, fruit, &c. To cap the climax, all but three absconded the first week in

Mesurado Roads, ere the time for which they had received advance pay, as able seamen, had expired. With such a crew were entrusted the lives of over two hundred emigrants to Liberia. We pray Heaven we shall never be forced to witness the like again, although the character of our seamen, in general, is such, that we cannot always be sure of doing better. Probably there is no class of people in civilized—yea, even in barbarous lands—that so much need *good* influences, influences of legislation, of philanthropy, associated and individual, of educational training, as our seamen. At the present time they are the most ignorant, the most degraded and abused, the most stupid and vicious class of human beings on God's earth or sea—mentally, socially, morally and physically polluted and rotten. *Where, with whom, or in what is the remedy?*—[*Md. Col. Jour.*

Christian Missions.

WHILE we have perused with interest and pleasure several of the works of our great traveler, Bayard Taylor, we have regretted to observe that while he is ever ready to pay a respectful tribute to the abilities and motives of Christian missionaries, he more than once reveals his doubts whether the good they have accomplished is an adequate compensation for the large expenditures of money made in sustaining them, and their various operations. Such doubts, we fear, originate in very inadequate views of the importance of Christianity, as well as of the providence of its Author. The spiritual

benefit secured to the immortal soul of one heathen, by a true reception of the doctrines of the Divine Redeemer, exceeds in value all the gold that perisheth. And while the growth of christian knowledge and virtue among nations has ordinarily been slow at the commencement, it has seldom, if ever, failed to make progress, and its final triumph is secured by Him to whom all the inhabitants of the world belong. We invite special attention to the following extract from the chapter on "Missions and Missionary Societies," in the "Facts in a Clergyman's Life," by the Rev. Charles B. Tayler, of England :

"The declaration of the inspired Apostle, that 'the salvation of God is sent unto the Gentiles, and they will hear it,'—Acts, 28th, 28—is too often forgotten by those who profess to be faithful and obedient to the Redeemer, whose name they bear, and to that church, which, if really a Christian church, must bear the distinct character of a missionary church. The whole world is, in fact, but an one wide-spread field, from every portion of which they that are themselves the redeemed of the Lord, hear the voices of perishing, but immortal beings, calling unto them, 'Come over and help us!'—that field is white already to the harvest; and we are called upon, by our Divine Redeemer, who now speaks to us from Heaven, to pray to the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest, and to promote by every means in our power the cause of Missions. If we turn to the annals of missionary labor, we find also encouragement from the past triumphs of the Gospel, in many of the dark places of the earth, to conclude that like successes shall still attend like exertions. But after all, success is not the criterion of duty.

"If, as in the case of Hans Egede, in opening up the soil of Greenland, for the seed of God's word, the life of a missionary may pass away without his being permitted to behold a single convert as the fruit of his unremitting labors, still the parting commission of the Lord Jesus Christ stands in all the sacredness of a command, which is enduring as the earth itself—always to be obeyed while there is one faithful, loving disciple on the earth to receive it.

"And yet a large portion of the christian world are entirely ignorant of the work that has been done, and is still progressing under the manifest grace and blessing of the Lord, in heathen lands. How often have I seen, not only a frown of disapproval, but a sneer of contempt, upon many a benevolent countenance, if

the subject of christian missions has been introduced! But I have heard also remarks, wearying from their very staleness, from the lips of those who can converse sensibly enough on other topics! A plain statement of facts is at once the best argument, and the best answer for such opposers. Few of our congregations in civilized and christianized England, could furnish instances of conversion so remarkable, and proofs of conversion so satisfactory, as the two following accounts:

"When Brainard preached and labored among the savages of North America, 'an old Indian conjuror, a murderer, and a drunkard,' was brought, under one of his sermons, to cry for mercy to God with many tears. The work of God had assuredly commenced in the heart of that poor fallen sinner, but for many months his heart was full of wretchedness. His only reply to the questions of his affectionate pastor, was, 'my heart is dead, all is done, I can never help myself.' 'I must go to hell!' he said, when asked what he thought would become of him. I asked him, said the missionary, 'if he thought it was right that God should send him to hell?' He replied, 'Oh, it is right; the devil has been in me ever since I was born.' And yet, while in this afflicted state, he was anxious to hear the missionary preach, and he seemed desirous to hear him preach the word of God every day. 'I asked,' said Brainard, 'why he wanted to hear me preach, seeing his heart was dead, and all was done, and that he could never help himself, but expected that he should go to hell?' Surely no livelier proof was ever given that the rebel had become a child of God, and that the love of God had been shed abroad in that contrite heart, by the Holy Ghost, than by the reply which he made to his faithful and loving friend—'I would have others come to Christ, if I must go to hell myself.' 'It was remarkable,' adds the missionary, 'that he seemed to

have a great love to the people of God, and nothing affected him so much as the thought of being separated from them;—this seemed to be a dreadful part of the hell to which he thought himself doomed.' His heart was at length filled with admiration, comfort, satisfaction and praise to God. 'In all respects,' concludes the godly Brainard, 'so far as I am able to judge, he bears the marks and characters of one created anew in Christ Jesus to good works.'

"I pass, however, from the forests of America to the wild regions of Southern Africa, for the other narrative to which I alluded. It is of later date, not farther back than the year 1845:

"There was an aged woman, named Litsape; she had lived during the reigns of four of the kings of her tribe. In the year 1835, she was baptized and enrolled among the members of the Church of Christ, and to the day of her decease she continued a warm-hearted, zealous and consistent disciple of our blessed Lord. During that period of ten years there was no part of her conduct to excite an unpleasant emotion in the minds of her teachers. 'Some years ago,' writes the Rev. Robert Moffatt, 'her only son and his wife, with whom she lived and on whom she was dependent, left the station of Kuruman, and they employed every argument to induce the venerable woman to leave with them. Their importunity was the more remarkable as she was almost helpless, and viewed by the heathen as a nonentity, or in their language, a *dry old hide*. Her son and daughter, both unbelievers, still persisted in their endeavors to take her away, but nothing could induce her to alter her resolution. Her replies were noble—I can be happy anywhere if Jesus is only there; if I can only hear His voice! You tell me I shall die of hunger here; I shall trust my Saviour for that. He cared for me, he fed me, and clothed

me, during many, very many years, when I knew him not, and thanked him not! and will he not take care of me now that I love him! You know I love him. Leave my God, and the people of God, for Satan! No! Let me die where I am, and let me die of hunger, too, rather than leave the service and people of my Saviour. He feeds my soul. I shall not die, but live!'

"Finding her immovable, they left her without a sigh, but other emotions possessed her soul. 'You,' addressing her son and daughter, 'will soon forget me, but I will not so soon forget you; for while you sing and dance with the heathen, I shall be weeping for your souls, and praying for you, my children!' Her granddaughter, who with her husband, Magame, were believers—took her to dwell with them, and her home was beneath their roof till she died.—Her mind was ever alive to divine things, and she appeared to put the highest value on every word coming from God. She was never absent, even in the seasons of her greatest debility, from public worship. Latterly, having entirely lost her eyesight, she would totter along with a staff in one hand, and groping with the other, to hear the words of Jesus Christ. She rejoiced that the sense of hearing was still left to her, and that she could still hear her Saviour's voice. 'She always appeared,' says Mr. Moffatt, 'to have her heart full of love to her Redeemer. Wherever she was, or at whatever hour of the day or night, she poured forth of the good treasure of her heart. She was all peace and contentment.'

"The night before her dissolution, I remained with her several hours, expecting each to be her last on earth. I was conversing with those present about her probable age; she heard us, and she spoke—I am not old, she said, I only began to live when I first knew and loved the Saviour. My former life was a nothing but a dream.

I was asleep, till a stranger came to me: it was Jesus. He cried, Awake! awake! I awoke, and beheld his hands and feet which my sins had pierced, and then I died with horror; my heart died within me. I said, Let the anger of the Lord destroy me, for I have slain His Son! I felt I was a murderer! I felt I was made of sin! I was not a worm but a serpent. My heart died, I became as a corpse. The eagles of heaven saw my body; they were descending to devour it; but Jesus came again, and said, Live!—I asked her if she had any misgivings, in the certain prospect of soon entering into life in the unseen and deathless state? She replied with great ardor, How can I doubt? when Christ has done all for me? I am not my own; I am part of His body.—I spoke of the unmingled happiness enjoyed in heaven in the society of saints and angels; Yes, she added, but it is the presence of the Saviour that makes that happiness. Could I be happy were he not there? No!—She appeared to have no ebbs and flows of feeling. From the abounding fullness of her heart her mouth spake. She was much in prayer. Her lamp burned with a steady flame, throwing a lustre on every thing around her, till it died away in the pure day of heaven. She was truly a brand plucked from the burning—a trophy of the power of the everlasting gospel; for she had been a sinner of no common order—a kind of priestess of the unmeaning rites of heathenism. Her faith was simple as it was sincere; and considering her great age when she was aroused to a sense of her danger, I was frequently surprised at the extent of her knowledge, and the clearness of her views on divine subjects.

“And now I would ask, reader, what think you of this last account? I, for my part, recall some of the finest passages in the works of the poets of Greece and Rome, or in those of our own language,

and I can find nothing more grand than the conceptions and the language of this aged African woman. She was a poet of the highest order, with all the simplicity of the faith of a little child.

“But it is not on the lofty and imaginative grandeur of her thoughts, and of her expressive language, that I would dwell; I would ask my reader to consider how rarely we can point out among the members of our churches in this favored land, to such an instance of the power of the gospel of the grace of God upon the human heart; such clearness and fulness of vision, such vigor of faith, such heavenly peace, and such glorious assurance:—aspirations so lofty from a heart so humble!

“It has been the common cant of many educated persons, to speak with contempt of the intellect of the African savage; but their own ignorance is, I repeat, the parent of such an unworthy prejudice. In the following description given by a native convert a proof of the inferiority of intellect in the African? He was speaking of his former life, before he was brought to a saving knowledge of our Divine Redeemer: ‘I still look back,’ he said, ‘on the dark and dreary road I came, with inward horror. I still see the precipices on the brink of which I trembled; I still feel as if I heard the lion roaring at my heels! Yes, I still shudder when I think I might have perished in my flight from death—dread death—before the glad tidings of the gospel reached these ears and the heavenly light dawned upon my midnight path!’ Again, how affecting, and how beautiful, the language of expostulation from an African chief to the missionary! How admirably descriptive of the enmity of the natural heart to God!—‘We all love you as much as if you were our father; and we would love you abundantly more if you would not talk to us of that

man you call Jesus: just leave us to go on as we are.' As striking is the lamentation of a heathen father complaining to the missionaries of the conversion of his son: 'Look,' said the father, 'there is my son,' (he was present;) 'he is not my son, he is changed into another being; I know him not. He is my heir, my first born; but he is lost.' This was the lamentation over a son who had indeed been dead, but was alive again; who had been lost, but was found within the fold of God.

"It appears to me, however, that nothing can well exceed in grandeur the following description given by Mr. Moffatt of an interview between the African chief Macaba and himself. This chief, he says, was illustrious for war and conquest, and had become the terror of the interior. He dwelt some hundred miles beyond our missionary station at Latakoo. My visit to him was considered, at the time, a hazardous one, but the veteran chief received me with great respect, and treated me with much kindness. In one of my interviews with this man of war and blood, while seated among fifty or sixty of his nobles and counsellors, including rain-makers, and others of the same order; in the course of my remarks, the ear of the monarch caught the startling sound of a resurrection: 'What!' he exclaimed with astonishment, 'what are these words about the dead?—the dead arise?' Yes, was the reply, all the dead shall arise. 'Will my father arise?' Yes, I answered, your father will arise. 'Will all the slain in battle arise?' Yes. 'And will all that have been killed and devoured by lions, tigers, and crocodiles, again revive?' Yes, and come to judgment. Turning to his people, to whom he spoke with a stentorian voice, 'Hark! ye wise men, whoever is wise among you, the wisest of past generations, did ever your ears hear such strange and unheard-of news?' And ad-

ressing himself to one whose countenance and attire showed that he had seen many years, and was something more than common; 'have you ever heard such strange news as this?' 'No,' was the sage's answer; 'I had supposed I possessed all the knowledge of the country, for I have heard the tales of many generations. I am in the place of the ancients. But my knowledge is confounded with the words of his mouth; verily, he must have lived long before the period when we were born.' The chief then turned and addressed himself to me: 'Father,' he said, laying his hand on my breast, 'I love you much; your visit and your presence have made my heart white as milk. The words of your mouth are sweet like the honey; but the words of a resurrection are too great to be heard. I do not wish to hear about the dead rising again. The dead cannot arise! The dead shall not arise!' Why, I inquired, can so great a man refuse knowledge, and turn away from wisdom? Tell me, my friend, why I must not add to words and speak of a resurrection? Raising his arm, which had been strong in battle, and quivering his hand as if grasping a spear, he replied, 'I have slain my thousands, and shall they arise?' Never before did the light of Divine Revelation dawn upon his savage mind; never had his own conscience accused him;—no, not for one of the thousands of deeds of rapine and murder which marked his course through a long career."

We add the following from another source:

"Africauer met the Griqua chief Barend, with whom he had had many a deadly contest. Being now both converts to the Faith, all their former animosities were melted away by the Gospel of peace and love. These chiefs sat down together in our tent with a number of people, when

all united in singing a hymn of praise to God, and listening to an address from the invitation of Jehovah to the ends of the earth, to look to Him, and Him alone, for salvation; after which, they both knelt at the same stool, before the peaceful throne of the Redeemer.

“Thus the Gospel makes
Lions and beasts of savage name
Put on the nature of the lamb.”

“Among the last words of Africaner were these—‘My former life has been stained with blood; but Jesus Christ has pardoned me, and I am going to heaven. Oh, beware of falling into the same evils into which I have led you frequently; But seek God, and he will be found of you to direct you.’

“To hear (says a missionary) the Bechuanas exclaiming, ‘we have been like the beasts before God,—what shall we do to be saved?’ and to observe them receiving with meekness the milk of the word, pro-

duced in our minds sensations not unlike those experienced by aged Simeon when he held the infant Saviour in his arms. I seek Jesus, one would say; and another, ‘I am seeking after God; I have been wandering, unconscious of my danger, among beasts of prey. The day has dawned, I see my danger.’ A third would say, ‘I have been sleeping in the lion’s den; I have been blown to and fro like a calabash upon the water, and might have sunk.’ One poor married woman, who had been a diligent seeker after divine truth, when about to die called her husband and friends, and exhorted them to believe in the word of Jehovah and flee for refuge to Jesus as the only Saviour:—‘I am going to die,’ (they listened and wept,) ‘weep not for me, but weep for your sins and weep for your souls; do not suppose that I die like a beast, or that I shall sleep forever in the grave; No, Jesus has died for my sins; he has said he will save me; I go to be with him.’”

Letter from Rev. T. J. Bowen,

ON THE COMMERCE, CIVILIZATION, AND COLONIZATION OF YORUBA.

THE following brief but comprehensive communication from that very intelligent, bold and successful explorer and missionary laborer in Yoruba and the adjoining districts of Africa—the Rev. T. J. Bowen—is worthy of general and profound consideration. The friends of African colonization will inquire whether other regions of Africa than Liberia should not receive their attention, and whether that pointed out by Mr. Bowen, does not afford inviting, numerous and great advantages for the prosecution of their enterprize. Certainly the countenance and aid of Government is to be desired, and we know that the facts brought to

light by Mr. Bowen impressed so powerfully the minds of many members of the last Congress, as to dispose them to make an appropriation for the exploration of the Niger. We indulge strong hopes that a bill to that effect will pass the next Congress. Great and increasing commercial advantages would thus be secured to our country.

It would seem desirable that any colony or colonies which may hereafter be planted from this country in Africa, should have a direct connection with Liberia. But that republic confines its political privileges to men of color, and the suggestions of Mr. Bowen that future

settlements should extend their advantages to men of all races equally, would conflict with the policy of its constitution. How far the Government of the United States can be induced to afford protection to African colonies, in their early periods, will depend, we presume, upon the benefits anticipated from such colonies, either as means of trade, or homes for a class whose condition here is undesirable, and which the public mind would gladly see improved in the land from which their ancestors came.

BINGHAMPTON, N. Y., Aug. 6, 1857.

Rev. R. R. Gurley,

Washington City.

My dear friend:—Several good causes have prevented my writing sooner, but I remembered my promise frequently. My health is now so much improved that I am hoping to return to my field of labor in three or four months. The last news from Yoruba (received to-day) is favorable. If appearances do not deceive us, the whole country is becoming more and more prepared to receive the gospel and civilization. But we need more laborers, and especially the influence of christian families. To be appreciated, the gospel must be exemplified in all the relations of life by christians as a class, distinct from other classes of men. I have not the least doubt that the colonists of Liberia have done far more to elevate the natives around them than the missionaries. The reason is simply this, that the gospel exerts the greater part of its power through the churches. It is so in all countries.—But I cannot pursue this subject, though I am strongly tempted to do so.

It is possible, and I feel as if it were

probable, that all the advantages of christian colonization may be brought to bear upon Yoruba before long. There are thousands of converted and partially civilized Yoruba people in Sierra Leone, who are only waiting an opportunity to return home. There are thousands of colored christians in America, who would do a great and good work for Africa by emigrating to the same country. The influence of a christian colony would be far greater in Yoruba and other parts of Sudan than it has been in Liberia, because the Sudanese generally are almost prepared to receive civilization and the gospel. They are just in that state of society, in which they cannot naturally recede, or remain long stationary. All the regions of the interior are almost sure to come under the influence of Mohammedanism or of Christianity, within a comparatively short period. The people of Yoruba are beginning to think, and to say, that theirs is to become a christian country.

Under these circumstances, I am rejoiced to see that several active friends of colonization are looking toward Yoruba. This kingdom is the key to Sudan, the distance from Lagos to Raba on the Niger being scarcely two hundred miles. Hence there is river communication far to the north and northwest along the Niger, while the Benue or Chadda, which falls in below Raba, runs eastward to the heart of the continent. I believe that no part of Africa presents so wide an extent of inland navigation.

The Yoruba country (and Central Africa generally) is neither an arid waste, nor a region of malarious swamps. Within forty miles of Lagos we emerge from the forests into an elevated, dry and airy country, with an undulating surface, productive soil, and abundant streams of pure water. Here there is no visible cause of unhealthiness. The staple productions at present are, maize, yams and palm oil.

But the natives raise various other articles, including cotton, for their own use, and in some districts rice. In Hausa and Burnu they have wheat. Many other valuable productions, as sugar, coffee and spices would soon be introduced by colonization.

The future commerce of Central Africa will be very great, and most of it will pass through or near Yoruba. If a line of colonial settlements were established in the vacant districts between Lagos and Raba, this traffic would begin to be developed at once. There cannot be less than three millions of persons on the peninsular tract of country between the Niger and the sea, while a commercial town on the Niger would command the traffic of many millions more. These people are not savages. They need the productions of our country, and are able to pay for them. This traffic would enrich the colony.

The vacant lands which run through the heart of Yoruba to Raba are capable of sustaining at least one hundred thousand colonists, even without commerce. But commerce would inevitably exist, and owing to the character of the country and people, its growth would be so rapid that a railroad would soon be required to compete with the navigation of the Niger. Happily a railroad from Lagos to Raba could be built with unusually small expense. Labor is cheap, there would be no heavy grading, and the timber for cross-ties is exceedingly durable.

Notwithstanding the vacant country just mentioned, Yoruba and the neighboring kingdoms are quite populous, and provisions are very abundant. The natives are kind-hearted and anxious to trade. I believe they would receive colonists with open arms and give them lands on easy terms. The civilized Yoruba people from Sierra Leone would unite with the colonists from America, and this lead the natives to do the same. The final result

would probably be that all those countries, like the Moors of the north, would exchange their language and religion for those of the immigrants.

Please excuse the imperfections of this hastily written letter. If you should deem it necessary to make any further inquiries, I will gladly give you the best information in my possession.

Truly yours,

T. J. BOWEN.

P. S.—Aug. 7th. If any steps should be taken, I would venture to suggest the following course.

Let the Government appoint a commissioner to make treaties with native kings.

Let the Colonization Society appoint men to examine the coast, and the Ossa river, east and west of Lagos, and select a place for a sea-port town: Also to examine the country east and west of Abbeokuta. Also to procure lands for settlements.

I would begin one interior settlement at the same time with the one on the coast.

A committee of good and wise men should draw up a code of laws, having especial regard to intercourse with the natives.

I would have a clause that men of every color and country might become citizens of the colony on the same terms. Then if our country of Nigritia should ever become a republic, the United States would probably acknowledge it.

I wish that every colonial settlement could also be regarded as an American trading post, and thus come under the protection of our flag.

Regarding colonization as one of the great means to christianize the Africans, I have definitely made up my mind to devote myself to that cause so far as I can.

T. J. B.

Late from Liberia.

Arrival at Grand Cape Mount of the M. C. Stevens, in thirty one days.—Continued health of the Interior Settlement.

By the brig General Pierce (which left Monrovia 10th July and arrived at New York on the 23d August) we have letters from Liberia to the 8th of July, announcing the arrival on the 3d of that month at Grand Cape Mount of the "Mary C. Stevens," after the remarkably quick passage of thirty-one days. The emigrants were landed with despatch, and appeared highly to appreciate their new homes and the advantages of the country. Every thing (one writes) surpassed their expectations. The prospects of the health and entire success of the interior settlement are very gratifying. We trust that Providence will so order events, so dispose the measures of the Government of Liberia, that nothing will be allowed to subvert its foundations or arrest its growth and prosperity.

The following letters contain the most important intelligence by this arrival:

From President Benson.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,

Monrovia, July 3, 1857.

Rev. and Dear Sir:—A few months have elapsed since my last letter to you was mailed. I received with pleasure and gratitude your favor and package of invaluable papers per schooner *Antelope*. I would have written by her, but I had to leave here on a visit to Palmas and the other leeward counties, on the 28th of April—a few days before she sailed—and was absent from this place about five weeks.

This, as you may imagine, has been a very busy year; for I presume you have long since heard of the admission of Maryland in Liberia as a County of this Republic, which necessitated an extra ses-

sion of the Legislature, commenced on the 6th of April and closed on the 27th. I am happy to say that every thing connected with the whole transaction has been satisfactorily settled; and I had the pleasure of ascertaining, during my visit to Palmas, that general satisfaction and contentment prevail throughout that county. I think I sent you by the schooner *Faten* copies of official documents relative to the annexation or admission of that county.

We are now momentarily expecting the Stevens, and hope to be refreshed by the receipt of papers and letters from our friends and relatives in the United States.

I have nothing of much interest to communicate. Our public affairs are moving on as usual. Provisions have been and are still very scarce, (bread stuff;) but this need not be so; it should not be so; the fault lies at our own doors. If our people would spend one-half the labor in planting that is requisite to procure a livelihood in the United States, they would unfaillingly reap a superabundant harvest.

Believe me, sir, to be, most respectfully,

Yours, &c.,

STEPHEN A. BENSON.

Rev. R. R. Gurley.

P. S.—July 9th. The M. C. Stevens arrived at Cape Mount on the 3d instant, and is now off, and will likely be in this port to-day.

From Rev. John Sey.

CAREYSBURGH, LIBERIA,

July 8, 1857.

Rev. R. R. Gurley,

Cor. Sec. Am. Col. Society:

Rev and Dear Sir:—Hearing suddenly, last evening, that the General Pierce was expected to sail for the United States this week, I venture to send an express to Monrovia with a few lines to you, hoping I may be in time for the opportunity thus afforded.

I have written to you or Rev. Mr. McLain by every month's steamer via England, and by every American vessel of the sailing of which I was advised in time. I have been much disappointed, however, in not receiving letters by the two last steamers, nor by other vessels which have arrived directly from the United States. Nearly five months have elapsed since the date of my last letter from America, a circumstance causing no small deprivation to me in the solitude of these mountains.

I have the pleasure to inform you that as hitherto, so now, we are all well, and receiving every day additional proof of the superior healthfulness of this delightful location. Our immigrants are all well.—Several have had attacks of fever, but quite slight, and almost all are comfortably settled in their own snug houses, their gardens planted and growing finely. Besides my first twenty-two pioneers, not less than thirty-four of the others who immigrated by the *Stevens* have taken refuge among us, and though some were feeble, indeed emaciated, all are recovering and many are well.

We have just passed through a most fearful ordeal. The scarcity of breadstuffs all over the land, almost amounted to a famine, and many in other parts of the country have been actually starving. We, here, have been pinched—driven to such a scanty supply as twice, and twice only, to have no bread for the present meal; but no one has suffered. Our Heavenly Father has sent us supplies at times when we were at our extremity, and from sources least expected. The crisis is entirely passed. We have eaten of our own potatoes, raised since we cleared away this forest, and will soon have a good crop of cassava. To God we ascribe all the praise, that we are the continued recipients of so many blessings.

We are counting the days, the hours, the moments, in anxious expectation of

the arrival of the *M. C. Stevens*. My new Receptacle, though not completed, will be sufficiently so should the ship arrive tomorrow to accommodate thirty or forty immigrants, besides the room we have in the old vacated building. Should you be pleased, therefore, to send us fifty or more immigrants, we are prepared for them.

I shall write again, Providence permitting, by the steamer of the 15th, and hope to be able then to announce the arrival of the *M. C. Stevens*.

I am, Rev. and dear Sir,

Yours very respectfully,

JOHN SEYS.

LATEST.

Complete Success of "Careysburgh," the Interior Settlement.—This Settlement to be sustained.

By the English steamer letters addressed to Rev. Mr. McLain, the Financial Secretary, up to the 17th of July, have been received from the Rev. John Seys and others. At this late hour we can give only the most important passages from Mr. Seys' communication:

"Acting," he observes, "in perfect conformity with my first letter of instructions, and the several official letters since received from the Rev. Mr. Gurley and yourself, to take measures, if the experiment was proved to succeed, to make this place a permanent settlement, I have so done in every instance; and the permanency of your interior settlement is now on such a firm foundation that I cannot see how it can be abandoned. We are within 17 days of the completion of the six months of the first band of pioneers. They are all alive and well. More than the half have had fever—mostly of a very slight character. One only was ill, and that most evidently from extreme imprudence. Except Mr. Garner, the preacher, all have moved out of the old Receptacle,

and are comfortably settled in their own snug log houses—gardens in cultivation—crops progressing, and some have even eaten already of their own vegetables. Can I, ought I, to move these people? Would they go? and where? The almost wonderful salubrity of these mountains induced others to seek a home here. They applied to me: they persuaded, urged and entreated, and at *their own expense*, to be allowed to come and join their friends, their children, their old fellow servants. How could I refuse! Thirty-five have thus fled to our healthy clime, and all but one are recruited most amazingly. That one, John Harden, was so feeble as to be brought from Clay-Ashland in a hammock. He revived, revived rapidly, was convalescent, called repeatedly upon me, drew his lot, and was preparing to clear it—but finally yielded to a morbid appetite for food, which brought on chills and congestion. He finally died, not a *Careysburgh immigrant*, but the *broken-down invalid* from Clay-Ashland, whom the mountain air would have saved, but who killed himself by eating."

"It will appear to the Committee that with those additional thirty-four, making a little community of fifty-six, it would be unwise, impolitic, and all but cruel to insist on their leaving the place.

"Besides this, the mechanics and men who have been employed here, have drawn their lots, some have built their houses, brought their families here, and settled, and thus in addition to the fifty-six immigrants we have thirty-seven old settlers, making a population of ninety-three, not including some twenty or more natives variously employed by us or the settlers. Can all these be removed?

"I presume, however, that thrown thus between my orders from Washington and my responsibilities and pledge to this government—without the possibility of knowing your views now that you are in possession of information of three months later date, some discretionary power may be conceded to your special agent in the premises.

"I shall discharge the *steward* and *stewardess*, the *school teacher* and *overseer of public works*, all the *carpenters* but one, and in every possible way *retrench expenses*. These are notified of the fact already, but they will not leave Careysburgh. They will build on these beautiful lots, and make it their home.

"I shall retain a few of the hired men, and while the carpenter is finishing the Receptacle, which if not finished will be injured by the rains and weather, these

men can be clearing, putting in additional crops,—hoping that still such an understanding may be arrived at by the Society and the Liberian Government that an additional and large immigration may be sent out in December.

"I shall retain the Hon. M. J. H. Paxton, who I find well adapted to the charge here in my absence.

"Providence permitting, I leave early to-morrow for Monrovia, and will see His Excellency, and have a perfect understanding in the matter."

Mr. H. W. Dennis, agent, writes from Monrovia July 11th, and states that,

"The 'M. C. Stevens' arrived at this port in the afternoon of Thursday the 9th of July, and on the following day all the emigrants for this place were safely landed. Those for Sinou have also been landed here, with the exception of thirteen of their number who were landed at Cape Mount. I have therefore, in all, landed sixty-seven, and at Cape Mount were landed one hundred and twenty-six, leaving on board fifteen for Cape Palmas.

"We have made but slow progress in discharging the ship at this port.—We have very boisterous and wet weather, which has somewhat retarded our progress; and the difficulty respecting the steam sugar mill for the late J. M. Richardson, has also caused detention;—this the captain will write to you of.

"The Rev. John Seys arrived in town last evening from Careysburgh. He informs me that it is now impossible to abandon the settlement; that it must be sustained, though the expenses will be greatly modified by discharging a number of persons there, who have been there at the expense of the Society. I have not learned anything from the government as yet, of what shall be done in the matter. The President however informed me, a few days ago, that he was disposed to do whatever he could, that was in his province, to have the affair attended with less expense and responsibility to the Society. Mr. Seys will have an interview with his Excellency to-day, at which something will be concluded on."

There has been a great scarcity of provisions throughout the Republic, which may prove beneficial, if it arouse the population to more industrious and general cultivation of the soil. There have been some fatal cases of congestive fever among

the last company of emigrants who settled on the St. Paul's, but the names of individuals are not reported. Mr. T. M. Chester, teacher in the Tracy Receptacle at Cape Mount, writes from *Robertsport* at that place, July 7th:

"The *Stevens* landed a noble company

of immigrants here, from whom you will no doubt receive a very favorable report. They are well satisfied with the country, and their only regret is that their friends and relations are not united with them in their happy homes.

"The health of *Robertsport* is admitted to excel that of any other place on the coast for the acclimation of emigrants."

Death of the late Secretary of the Navy, Hon. J. C. Dobbin.

This distinguished man died at his residence in Fayetteville, N. C., on the 8th instant, to the deep sorrow and regret of his friends and the country. He was warmly interested in the civilization of Africa, expressed himself in favor of the exploration of the Niger, and in the last in-

terview we ever had with him, declared himself prepared, were he to continue in office, as he was about to retire from it, to send a small steamer to examine the course and report on the countries bordering on that mighty river.

Intelligence.

[From the Journal of Missions.]

AFRICA.—The Bishop of Sierra Leone has recently completed his visitation of the Yoruba mission of the Church Missionary Society. During this visitation, the Bishop confirmed 286 converts, who are distributed as follows:—At Abbeokuta 200; at Lagos 66; at Ijaye 13; and at Ibadan 7. At an ordination held at Abbeokuta on the 25th of January, he admitted to priests' orders the Rev. Messrs. Hock and King. At the same time Messrs. Morgan, White, and Moore, who have for some years discharged faithfully the duties of native catechists at Badagry, Otta, and Oshielle, were ordained deacons.

The Church Missionary Record states that the East Africa mission has been brought under a deep cloud. "In consequence of the death of the aged Imaum of Muscat, in September last, and the high probability of serious disturbances, arising out of a disputed succession, the position of the missionaries has become so insecure that the British Consul at Zanzibar has thought it necessary, for their personal security, that they should retire for a season from the mainland, to await the issue of events. On the receipt of this intelligence, the Committee at once directed Mr. Deimler to proceed to Bombay, while Mr. Rebmann will remain at Zanzibar, employing his time on the language, and in the preparation of translations, and holding himself in readiness to take advantage of any opening which may present itself. We know not yet what our Lord is doing in this matter."

WEST INDIES.—In the Periodical Accounts of the missions of the United Brethren, it is mentioned as doubtless a correct impression respecting the mission field in the West Indies, "that the congregations which have been formed as the result of labors extending through a period of a century and a quarter, are in a state of transition. Though heathenism, strictly speaking, no longer rears its head so boldly as is the case in other regions where the heralds of the Cross are engaged in their Master's work, and though the congregations, and especially the younger portion of them, are evidently rapidly advancing in intelligence; yet, on the other hand, it is clear, that the moral and social condition of the great bulk of the population, debased by the long prevalence and still remaining influences of slavery, is such as to require the use of much really missionary exertion, and that the increasing intelligence and information of those connected with the congregations are not always accompanied by an increase of spiritual life. In many cases, the simple faith, the fervent zeal, and the self-forgetting liberality, which in former years manifested the power of the grace of God, and cheered the hearts of his servants amid their toils, are no longer to be met with, in the same degree. And it would seem as if, in some instances at least, the influences of the Spirit were no longer vouchsafed in such overflowing measure as in years gone by."

The Report of the London Missionary Society states: "In Jamaica our several mission stations have continued to make

steady advances in social and religious prosperity. In the twelve churches over which our missionary brethren preside, the number of members is about 1,500; and during the year they have received many additions, while cases requiring Christian discipline have rarely occurred. The colony of British Guiana has been visited by a succession of calamities, which have added greatly to the labors and anxieties of our missionaries. Social disorders were succeeded by severe visitations of epidemic disease, and eventually of cholera, both in Demerara and Berbice. Multitudes of the colored population fell victims; but our brethren, and every member of their respective families, were mercifully preserved. These grievous afflictions appear to have been attended by the sanctifying power of divine grace, and have begun to yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness to those who were exercised thereby."

[From the same.]

LETTER FROM WEST AFRICA.—Mr. Pierce wished to write to Sabbath schools at Philadelphia and at Bangor, Maine; but as he had little time for writing, he sends this to be printed in the *Dayspring*; thinking that he could in this way, "let these children know that he had not forgotten them," and at the same time give other children an opportunity to read his letter.

A LITTLE GIRL KIDNAPPED.

My dear Young Friends:—You have often heard stories about *kidnappers*, and perhaps have trembled lest you should be taken. Yours were childish fears; but however groundless such fears may be in your case, they are not so with the children in Africa. A little girl has been in my school, by the name of Madaka. She has been coming and going for several years, and has learned to read pretty well. Last Sabbath, her father said to her, "Madaka, go to school." So off she started from the plantation (for they were living in the bush) to come to the mission house.

There are two paths. One most direct, the other passing by the head of the creek, where the people stop with their canoes. For some reason, perhaps because her mind was on play and not on her book, or on the Sabbath school, she took the farthest way, and when she was near the creek some people, called "Shetkanies," caught her and carried her off in a canoe. Her father was here this morning telling me about it, and said he must go to war with those people. Her mother has gone after her, but will not probably

succeed in obtaining her liberty, as she has been taken on account of a quarrel between the people of this town, who are Bokeles, and the people of a distant town, belonging to the Shetkanies. Little Madaka has probably a chain around her now, with one of her limbs made fast to a log; and it may be that for weeks, or months, or even years, she will be kept in prison. Perhaps God will lead her to think of something she has heard at the mission house, and this may be the way he has chosen to bring her to a knowledge of the truth. He often chooses his people in the furnace of affliction. Who says:

"Let us be patient—these severe afflictions
Not from the dust arise;
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise?"

Perhaps you will say, "I don't know;" but surely, you know who says, "Blessed is the man, whom thou chastenest, O Lord, and teacheth out of thy law."

DEATHS.

This morning, news came that a little girl who formerly lived with us was dead. Ah, how they die—both old and young! This makes the fifth scholar that has died since my stay in the Bush. This people are passing away, yet shall not a few—"a present"—be brought to the Lord, of this poor people, scattered and peeled, matted out and trodden down. I hope your Superintendent will read to you the 18th chapter of Isaiah. Ask him if we have not a right to think of offering a present from this people to the Lord of Hosts? Does not this chapter say, "They shall be brought?" Will you not pray for them? Lately the people near us have been wailing piteously for the dead. A king of one of the villages has died, and they have broken his things, cut his clothes, and are now sitting around, mourning as those that have no hope.

MURDERING PERSONS AS WITCHES.

But, alas! this is not the worst of it. In their darkness and depravity they are looking for a victim to murder. Mr. Wilson, who was here a long while, says: "A death seldom occurs in one of their villages that is not atoned for by the life of some one else." Other feelings than those of heartfelt sorrow are awakened by the sound of the death drum. It is the voice of the accuser, that sends a thrill of concern to every heart. No man is exempt from the suspicion of having caused that death. To fly from the scene of anticipated danger, is a virtual confession of guilt. Uprightness of character and benevolence of heart afford no shield. The

intimacy of friendship and the endearments of kindred ties are alike unavailing. Suspicion may fasten upon the son as the cause of his father's death; or the mother may be the victim, as the destroyer of her own offspring. But my paper is gone and I must bid you farewell.

E. J. PIERCE.

Olendebeek, March 17, 1857.

Says the *Southern Churchman*: "Dr. A. B. Hooe, one of the wardens of St. Paul's parish, King George Co., Va., has just completed a small chapel for the use of the colored people of his own and the adjoining plantations. It was opened during the month of June, and subsequently dedicated to the service of Almighty God, in the presence of a crowded congregation of

colored people, occupying every available portion of the interior, and of their masters, who were seated on logs, under a booth at the door. The Rector of the parish preaches to them every Sunday afternoon, and upon every occasion there have been more persons present than could be accommodated within. We trust that this beginning will be followed by greater movements than exist at present for the religious instruction of our people of color throughout the country."

THE Middleboro' *Gazette* learns that Rev. Chas. Livingston, formerly of Mattapoisett now in Great Britain, has written to his friends, expressing an intention to travel in Africa with his brother, the celebrated African explorer, and therefore will not return to America at present.

Receipts of the American Colonization Society;

From the 20th of July to the 20th of August, 1857.

MAINE.

By Rev. John Orcutt:

Portland—Hon. A. W. H. Clapp, \$30, to constitute himself a life member of the A. C. S.; W. F. Safford, Cash, Two friends, each \$20; Hon. Wm. Willis, Hon. M. McDonald, Luther Dana, J. B. Brown, Nathan Cummings, Charles Q. Clapp, each \$10; Thos. A. Deblois, \$6; Hon. E. Shepley, F. Bradford, Charles M. Harris, J. B. Carroll, Solomon Myrick, E. Steele, Samuel Tyler, Nathan Clifford, Mrs. Joel Hall, Robinson & Deering, B. Greenough, Mrs. Eunice Day, Mr. John Anderson, C. S. Davies, J. M. Adams, each \$5; Mrs. Ann Cummings, \$4; Jno. Purrinton, Dea. Storer, H. J. Libby, each \$3; E. Hamblin, Wm. Boyd, J. A. Balkam, S. Thing, Dr. Fitch, Wm. Kimball, Cash, A. V. Shurtleff, J. C. Pool, S. V. Haskell, each \$2; E. McKenney, H. B. Hart, E. Daniels, E. Webster, E. Staples, Jas. Todd, Ed. Gould, H. J. Little, H. M. Hart, Cash, J. H. Perley, W. D. Little, William G. Hart, Samuel Chase, each \$1; E. M. Leavitt, \$1.50, Cash, 50 cts.—\$280; \$30 of which to constitute Luther Dana a life member of the A. C. S. 280 00

Waterville—E. Noyes, \$10, in part to constitute himself a life member of the A. C. S.; Pre-

sident Pattison, Prof. G. W. Keeley, Mrs. Boutelle, each \$5; Prof. J. T. Champin, \$3; Prof. M. Lifford, J. Nye, each \$2; J. F. Noyes, \$1. 33 00

Bath—From Maine State Colonization Society, by Freeman Clark, treasurer, \$400 33, together with receipt of Rev. J. Orcutt for \$60, on account of salary. 460 33

773 33

VERMONT.

Brookfield—Collection by Luther Wheatly. 5 00

Montpelier—From Vermont State Colonization Society, by Geo. W. Scott, treasurer. 103 00

108 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Falmouth—From the congregation of Rev. H. B. Hooker, \$20, by Rev. H. B. Hooker, 20 00

Lovell—L. Keese, to constitute Alex. Campbell, Esq., Lanesville, Ill., and Lutellus Lindley, M. D., Connellsville, Pa., life members of the A. C. S., \$60. 60 00

80 00

PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia—For passage and support of T. M. Chester, who embarked on the "M. C. Stevens," last December, for Liberia, by Wm. Coppinger. 70 00

<i>Beaver</i> —\$10; by Rev. B.O. Plimpton.....	10 00
	80 00

DELAWARE.

<i>Wilmington</i> —Collection taken up in Hanover Street Presbyterian Church, July 5, 1857, by Geo. Jones, treasurer.....	25 00
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DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

<i>Washington City</i> —Collection in First Presbyterian Church, by the pastor.....	21 00
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VIRGINIA.

<i>Wellsburg</i> —Annual collection in the Presbyterian Church, by Rev. E. Quillen, pastor.....	10 00
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NORTH CAROLINA.

<i>Nashboro</i> —Mr. Slever, \$10; Geo. Allen, \$5; Mr. Summell, John Osgood, W. Fife, and Mr. Bishop, each \$1; Cash from three persons, \$13.....	32 00
<i>Edenton</i> —John Thompson.....	10 00

ALABAMA.

By Rev. J. S. Bacon, D. D.: <i>Mobile</i> —A. W. Gordon, \$50; Messrs. Clark & George, \$10; Daniel Chandler, \$10; Wm. Stewart, \$10; Messrs. Moffatt & Patrick, \$10; Newton St. Johns, \$10; J. C. Dubose, D. Wheeler, C. K. Foote, Mr. Baker, W. Sayer, Thos. P. Muller, each \$5.....	130 00
<i>Green Springs</i> —Prof. Tutwiler.....	100 00
	230 00

MISSISSIPPI.

By John W. Burruss: <i>Woodville</i> —J. P. Dillingham, T. H. Henderson, S. H. Stockett, J. H. Sims, G. T. McGehee, C. G. McGehee, A. C. Holt, each \$5; J. M. Miller, C. G. Stockett, each \$2.50; Wright & Elder, W. A. Simrell, each \$2; A. LeFengwell, \$1, E. Maix, 50 cts., J. W. Burruss, \$13.50.....	59 00
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LOUISIANA.

By Rev. J. S. Bacon, D. D., for La. State Col. Society:— <i>New Orleans</i> —Thos. Allen Clark, \$50; Logan McKnight, \$25; John Kemp, \$20, Stark, Stauffer & Co., \$20, John M. Hall, \$10, J. H. Boyle & Co., \$10, Robt. Tweed, \$10, John Kemp, jr., Ogleby & Macauley, G. T. Morrison, J. Aret, Wm J. Pattison, Preistly & Rein, R.	
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H. Brown, each \$5; And from La. State Col. Society, \$170..	350 00
<i>Thibidenville</i> —Judge Guion, \$5, and Mrs. Andrew Collins, \$20,	25 00

375 00

OHIO.

<i>New Concord</i> —Fourth of July collection in Pleasant Hill Church, by Rev. S. Wilson, pastor, \$12, received through Robert Conner.....	12 00
<i>Walnut Hills</i> —Miss Maria Overaker, by D. H. Allen.....	30 00

42 00

MISSOURI.

<i>Weston</i> —Geo. T. Hulse, \$90, to constitute himself, his wife Mrs. Mary B. Hulse, and son, James W. Hulse, life members of the A. C. S.....	90 00
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MICHIGAN.

By Rev. B. O. Plimpton: <i>Detroit</i> —F. Buhl, John Owen, each \$10; Thos. Palmer, U. Tracy Done, Hiram Calkins, Rebecca Steward, each \$5; David Preston, \$2. <i>Ypsilanti</i> —J. Millington, G. N. Skinner, each \$5. <i>Romeo</i> —Rufus Hunter, \$5, Public collection, \$2.60, William Parker, A. Tinsley, Carroll Simonton, S. V. R. Trowbridge, each \$1. <i>Mount Clemens</i> —Joseph Elbridge, \$1.	64 60
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Total Contributions.....\$1,999 60

FOR REPOSITORY.

<i>VIRGINIA</i> — <i>Richmond</i> —Royal Allen, William Tyree, Richard Forrester, John Adams, Archie Thomas, C. Crew, each to Jan. '58, \$1; John N. Davis, to Aug. '58, \$1. <i>Petersburg</i> —Wm. P. Davis, to Jan. '58, \$1. <i>Tudor Hall</i> —Wm. J. Weirs, to Jan. '57, \$2.....	10 00
<i>SOUTH CAROLINA</i> — <i>Due West</i> —E. L. Patton, to Jan. '58.....	1 00
<i>GEORGIA</i> — <i>Savannah</i> —Samuel Balis, to Aug. '58.....	1 00
<i>MISSISSIPPI</i> — <i>Woodville</i> —W. P. Burton, to Aug. '58, by John W. Burruss.....	1 00
<i>LOUISIANA</i> — <i>New Orleans</i> —Henry Thomas, jr., to Oct. '58.....	2 50

Total Repository..... 15 50

Total Contributions..... 1,999 60

Aggregate amount.....\$2,015 10

Sept. 14, 1857.